Consume Me From Within

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Consume Me From Within

by Metaphysicalash

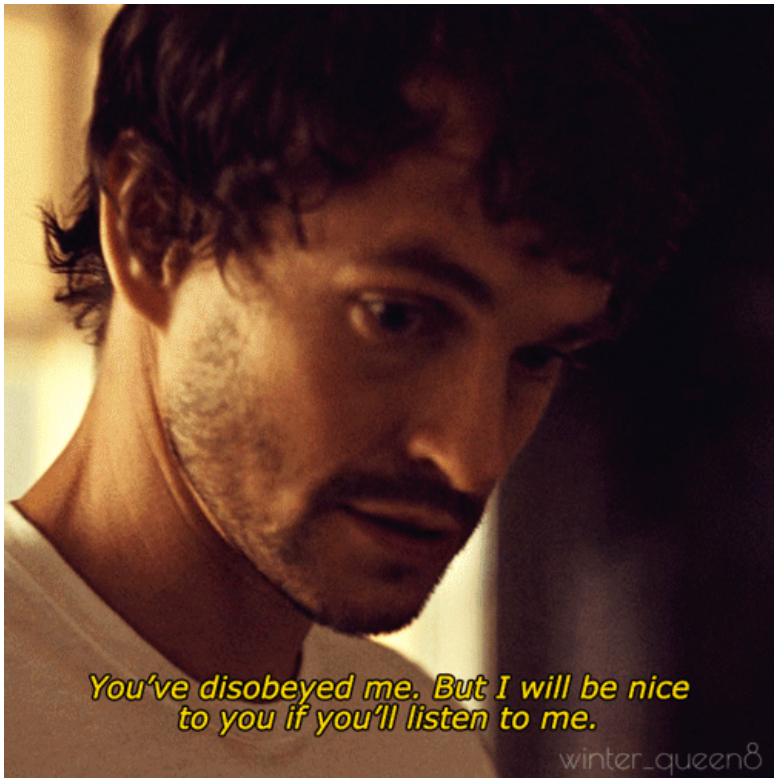
Summary

Will has a hard time keeping control of his rogue Omega who goes out killing Alphas at every turn whenever they try to harm or threaten Will in any way. Of course Will doesn't need Hannibal's protection but he is secretly kind of flattered. But Hannibal did disobey his direct orders to not engage with other Alphas, so that needs a little... punishment

Notes

- Hello, just a short thing for my Omega Hannibal lovers :3
- MIND THE TAAAGS, please! I get this isn't everyone's preference, and that's okay, but do read the tags. I did my best to tag it properly
- Okay, I hope you like it ❤️❤️❤️

- gif by me



"I told you to stay put," Will said, swilling the whiskey in his glass. "But you had to take on all those Alphas."

Hannibal gave a low growl. "They were rogue."

"More than you? You're more rogue than all the Alphas put together. I'm surprised I even have you under control sometimes. I specifically made it clear you were not to act out on instinct."

Hannibal looked at him, his amber eyes glinting. "They were insulting you."

Will's eyes darken a little, a commanding tone to his voice. "Enough."

Both he and Hannibal knew what the truth really was, even though they didn't often admit it to each other. Will could at least express his devotion on occasions when it truly mattered, but Hannibal chose to express his through bursts of violence driven by a relentless instinct to protect Will. Such a thing still never failed to surprise Will. He never underestimated his omega, but he always felt it was *his* responsibility to protect Hannibal.

And yet, here his omega was, spreading havoc and butchering any Alpha who even dared look at Will the wrong way. It both flattered Will and concerned him too much. He couldn't stand the idea of any Alpha hurting his Omega. He knew if there was so much as a scratch on Hannibal, he would raze the entire city to the ground.

Nobody hurt Hannibal.

Which was exactly why it struck a nerve when Hannibal disobeyed him and got himself into trouble. It led to Hannibal having his wrists tied behind his back, restrained like a wild beast until he calmed down. Will wanted to leave the ropes on, but perhaps he had other ideas. After all, Hannibal did always have the avidity to serve Will in any way and every way to make up for his transgressions. One thing was for certain. The Omega did not regret his actions one bit.

Will sighed. Hannibal was a feisty omega, but he was his feisty omega.

“You’ve disobeyed me. But I will consider being nice to you if you will listen.”

Hannibal snarled. Will shot him a look, immediately putting him in his place with a ‘tss-tss!’ as if he were a puppy. Hannibal instantly lowered his head in submission.

“That’s right.” Will smirked, sitting on the patio chair with the whiskey. He took a sip. “Don’t worry, darling. I’ll take care of you. You know I always take care of you.”

Hannibal looked at him, but out of need. A primal need. Will could sense it, he could smell it, and it made his own heart race. Made his fingers grip the whiskey glass a little harder. Hannibal was his and only his, and he knew exactly how to take such splendid care of his pup. Will’s tongue slid across his bottom lip and Hannibal watched with eager anticipation.

Will cocked his head and smiled. “Come here.”

Hannibal’s silver hair fell down his forehead as he crawled on all fours to Will and knelt before him, splaying his hands on Will’s thighs. Will bit his lip as his knot hardened, pinching Hannibal’s chin and lifting it.

“On one hand, I want to teach you a lesson for disobeying me,” he said. “On the other, I want to treat you so nicely for being so protective of me. Tell me, what should I do? Should I be nice? Or…”

Will leaned in close enough to let his whiskey-tinged lips brush against Hannibal’s. Hannibal swallowed, opening his mouth eagerly. The sight of his avidity thrilled Will, whose eyes darkened to a near black out of lust and desire.

“Anything you want,” he replied.

Will grinned. “Anything?”

Hannibal's breathing picked up pace as he looked at his beautiful Alpha like he was a god. "Anything..."

Will sat back and finished the rest of his drink, placing the empty glass on the table. "Get rid of your clothes. They're all bloody and torn anyway."

Hannibal didn't utter a single word as he stood and stripped each piece of clothing slowly without thinking twice, just like Will liked it, drinking in the Alpha's lascivious smirk. Will watched the fabric slide off Hannibal’s body, watched each inch of skin being exposed with a heavy breath and a hardening cock. Hannibal's strong features, the love handles, the stomach,

the chiseled cheekbones, that little protruding upper lip, all were a five-course meal on their own. Will had no clue how he managed to keep his restraint without devouring his Omega right about now.

"Oh, you definitely are fucking beautiful," Will said in a husky tone. "God help those who even look your way wrong."

That final statement was a clear threat. His Alpha's inherent protective instinct aroused Hannibal to such a degree, it was evident from the way his large cock curved up to his navel. Will savored every beautiful, meticulously sculpted feature of his Omega for a moment before standing and heading into the house.

"Come on."

Hannibal followed him into the bedroom, where Will pulled his shirt off and turned to him. "On the bed."

Hannibal got on the bed, laying on his back, hands above his head.

"Good pup." Will went to him, grabbing a length of cloth. "Hands."

The teasing way in which he called him 'pup' made Hannibal scoff a bit because Will knew how to annoy him with that, but the Omega knew better than to piss off his Alpha right now. He held out his hands and Will wrapped the cloth around his wrists.

"Now, since you were bad," Will said, tying the cloth firmly, but not too much. "You are going to watch, and not touch. And… you do like it when I call you pup."

"I can neither confirm nor deny that," was Hannibal's way of not admitting he liked it.

Will pushed down his pajamas, freeing his hard knot. He took another length of cloth, wrapping it around Hannibal's eyes. Hannibal's chest heaved and he licked his lips.

"No touching, and no looking. I think you need to learn a little patience, don't you think?"

Hannibal whimpered, wanting so badly to reach out and touch his Alpha. Instead, he kept his hands still, feeling the silkiness of the sheets beneath him, and the softness of the cloth against his wrists and eyes. His senses were heightened and his cock throbbed with need.

"So, I have to decide, whether I want to be nice, or I want to teach you a lesson." The scent of his Omega filled Will's nostrils, and he could almost taste the sweet, salty slick. His lips parted, and a soft moan escaped them. He got on the bed and crawled up his Omega, running his hands up the muscular torso. "Perfection."

Hannibal arched up into him. Will grabbed his shoulders and pushed him back down.

"Ah ah," he tsked. "What did I say?"

"Not to move."

"Not to move or look. That's right. Be nice for me, hmm?"

Hannibal let out a frustrated grunt, and Will chuckled, nuzzling his neck, biting and sucking his pulse point. He flicked a tongue over the Bonding Mark.

Hannibal exhaled, his fingers twitching. "Please..."

"Hmm?"

"Touch me."

Will smirked. "I am touching you."

"Not there."

Will raised a brow. "Oh? You mean here?" His hand slid down and brushed the underside of Hannibal's cock.

"Will—" Hannibal shuddered, bucking his hips.

Will slapped his thigh, and the other man jerked. "Told you not to move."

A drawn-out whimper of impatience escaped Hannibal's throat, and he bit his lip.

"If you keep moving, I'll have to restrain you further. You wouldn't want that now, do you?"

Hannibal squirmed beneath the exquisite torture. Being denied physical contact with his Alpha, forced to wait while his Alpha stretched out every minute into hours, was a true punishment. But it was also an incredible pleasure. It shattered Hannibal into countless fragments, only to piece him back together in the most satisfying way.

Will slid a hand up Hannibal's chest, rubbing his nipple. "I'll be... lenient tonight, because I love you, and because you killed all those rogue Alphas. And because, no matter how much I command you, you're always going to do whatever you please. How you are always protecting me and always doing what you think is right."

"I apologize for the disobedience and the recklessness."

"No, you're not. I know your defiance better than anyone." Will licked and sucked the hardened nipple, pinching and twisting the other. "I'm conflicted about it. But I do enjoy teaching you a lesson this way."

"Yes..." Hannibal's breathing quickened and his hands gripped the bed frame.

Will grasped the Omega's length in his hand, tracing along its velvety surface. Hannibal couldn't contain his pleasure, his hips involuntarily bucking up as he let out a prolonged moan. It was difficult to stay still, especially with his slick dripping onto his abdomen. "Please," he begged, unable to resist any longer.

Will smiled. "Shhh, relax."

"I want—I need you inside me."

"All in good time, Omega. Patience."

Will continued pumping his fist and with his free hand, he upped the ante by sliding two digits into Hannibal's hole. His finger traced the skin at the entrance before dipping in, and a drop of slick wetted the tip. Will's tongue ran a stripe up the center of Hannibal's torso, over the pecs, up his throat, and he licked his jawline. Then he claimed the plush, eager lips. Hannibal kissed his Alpha hungrily, desperate. Will pushed his fingers deeper inside him. Hannibal grunted, thrusting against the invading fingers, desperate to reach that release which was denied to him thus far. His Alpha had complete control over him, pushing him closer and closer to the brink of pleasure. It was almost unbelievable how much power Will held over him, and sometimes, all it took was one simple command to send him over the edge.

Will pulled away just far enough for his lips to brush against Hannibal’s when he said, "Come."

Hannibal's growl twisted into a tortured moan, muscles jerking violently, legs straightening and curling beneath him. Thick, creamy cum jetted onto his stomach. Some on his chest. He panted and collapsed against the pillows, his cock still hard.

Will was fully aware that his Omega would see any punishment as a privilege, and so he chose to give him exactly that. He could have chosen a harsher penalty, but he didn't want to, at least not yet. If it had been anyone else who dared disrespect and mistreat him like Hannibal did, Will would have ended their life by now. With a quick movement, he freed Hannibal's wrists from the binds and removed the blindfold. Even though the latter had no use for it anymore, Hannibal kept his eyes shut tight.

"I'm not done yet," Will said. "I'm just getting started."

Hannibal finally opened his eyes and looked at him.

Will licked the slick on Hannibal's chest and stomach. "Such a wonderful pup. You know, maybe I should reward you for at least being obedient in bed. Do you want your reward?"

"Yes."

Laying on the bed, Will silently beckoned Hannibal over, a command Hannibal fully understood. Amid heavy breaths, Hannibal straddled Will's body, touching and exploring every inch of his chest as his flushed, glistening cock rubbed against Will's body. He lowered his hips onto Will's knot and his knees dug into the sheets as he rode him. Sweat misted his body and his forehead, his mouth open and panting. His heart beat like a drum in his chest.

Will's hands gripped Hannibal's hips as he thrust up into him, their bodies moving in perfect sync. The room filled with the sounds of their moans and the wet slapping of skin. Each thrust brought them closer to the edge, the intensity building with every passing second. Hannibal's senses were overwhelmed by the raw pleasure coursing through his veins. This was exactly what he wanted, and Will was giving it to him with abandon.

Will's eyes were dark with desire as he watched Hannibal surrender himself completely. He relished in the power he held over his Omega, knowing he craved his dominance just as much as he craved his touch. It was a delicate balance, a dance of pleasure and control that only they understood. Will skimmed his hands along the sides of Hannibal's body, letting praises slip like 'You're doing wonderfully', 'You feel so good', while stealing brief breathless kisses in between. Some, if not most, of the kisses were sloppy but neither of them cared. Their tongues intertwined, and with each upward thrust, the tip of Will's cock nailed Hannibal's prostate.

Hannibal let out a strangled moan, his own flushed cock dripping slick onto Will's stomach. Will felt his knot swell and he grabbed Hannibal's ass, digging his nails into his flesh. He plunged as deep as he could go, coming with a sharp grunt and a hiss, his hips snapping up as he filled Hannibal full. Hannibal followed suit, spurting thickly and hotly onto his Alpha's chest. The release was so overwhelming it left both of them trembling. Will kept pumping, until his cum rolled down Hannibal’s thighs.

Hannibal let out a thready cry before collapsing onto him, head on Will's chest. Will let out a soft, breathy laugh and held him close.

"This was actually me being merciful," he said. "Don't expect me to be so lenient next time. You disobey me again, I will tie you to the bed and not let you come for hours."

"I would never dream of it."

"When you were going rogue on those Alphas, did you not stop to think that they could track you down through your scent?"

"I made sure they couldn't."

Will huffed. "That's not my point. It is entirely possible one of them may have followed you without your notice. Maybe to pay back the favor..." His voice trailed off as he took a deep inhale of the air in the room and caught a scent he wasn't familiar with. "Speak of the devil. Looks like someone did follow you. Pretty reckless of you, Hannibal."

Hannibal sat up. "I will take care of it."

Will's eyes immediately and momentarily flashed golden. "No! You will stay put and let me handle it."

Hannibal gave a tiny snarl again, wanting nothing more than to rip out the throat of whatever Alpha dared to step into their house. Will pulled on a pair of pajamas and walked out, heightened and attuned to every soft sound: leaves rustling, the gentle hum of the breeze, the chirping of crickets. He cautiously made his way into the living room, scanning for any signs of movement in the darkness.

As the night light flickered on, he caught a glimpse of another Alpha lurking behind him for a split-second before he was tackled to the ground. Will reacted quickly, throwing a punch at the attacker, his eyes a bright gold. The Alpha proved to be formidable, landing a feral punch to Will's face. But instead of backing down, it only fueled Will's anger and he let out a

guttural roar as he flung the attacker off him and got back up. He lunged at the Alpha, pounding his fist into his face repeatedly in an attempt to gain control of the situation.

In the chaos, Will saw another Alpha approach and drag him away from the first. It was clear they were working together. The accomplice wrapped an arm around Will's neck and another under his arm to limit his movements. The first Alpha rose to his feet, revealing bloodied teeth and a bloody nose as he flexed his claws, preparing to attack Will's throat.

But suddenly, there was a blur of golden brown hair as Hannibal crashed into the Alpha. Will pushed his body forcefully backwards, causing the Alpha holding him to hit the wall. Will threw his head back with as much force as he could muster.

The Alpha behind him grunted in pain, loosening his grip just enough for Will to escape. Will wasted no time, swiftly turning around and delivering a powerful punch to the Alpha's jaw. The force of the blow sent him sprawling to the ground, unconscious.

Breathing heavily, Will turned his attention back to the first Alpha who was now wrestling with Hannibal.

Hannibal bit the Alpha’s hand, tearing off a bit of his skin. The Alpha roared in pain before slashing at Hannibal’s chest then throwing him backwards, causing him to stumble and fall to the floor.

A surge of fury rushed through Will at the sight, his eyes blazing with intensity. He lunged at the Alpha, who was now advancing towards Hannibal with sharp claws bared. But Will was quicker and tackled the Alpha against a nearby wall. The Alpha's expression shifted from arrogance to shock as Will snarled in his face.

“Do not touch my Omega.”

With a fierce growl, he plunged his clawed hand into the Alpha's chest, causing his body to go limp as his eyes rolled back. Will ripped out the Alpha's heart from his chest, holding the bleeding organ in his hand. He breathed heavily, and Hannibal looked up at him from the floor, seeing not Will Graham, but a creature straight from hell. The dim lights cast a shadow on Will's face where his golden eyes stood out.

Three shallow cuts marked Hannibal’s chest. He was lucky they weren’t deep.

Will dropped the heart and pulled Hannibal onto his feet. The deathly brawl was a turn on for them, just to be fighting alongside each other. Hannibal looked at Will's scarlet hands and his parted lips, and couldn't avert his gaze.

"Nobody touches you but me," Will said, lightly brushing Hannibal's hair. “Anyone hurting you goes to an early grave.” He touched the marks on Hannibal’s chest gently, and shut his eyes, like he could feel his Omega’s pain. His jaw clenched and his eyebrows pulled together.

Hannibal noticed and brought their foreheads together. “I’m okay. It’s nothing I haven’t faced before.”

“When will you learn to behave? Do you have any idea the fucking impact it would make on me if—” He paused and let out a low growl, then dropped his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, brushing his nose along his neck. “Stop making me worry about you. The nightmares I have of you getting killed by some Alpha are bad enough already.”

Hannibal wrapped his arms around him and held him firmly. “I apologize. I will exercise caution henceforth.”

Will sighed softly and let himself melt into the embrace, smiling when Hannibal purred near his ear. It was wonderfully calming.

“See that you do,” Will muttered. Parting from the hug, a smile flickered upon his face again. “Now… let’s get cleaned up, shall we?”

The two of them eyed the fallen Alphas on the floor, lying in a pool of dark blood. Cleaning that was a pain in the ass but took precedence. After all, they couldn’t take a shower in peace with two bodies in the house.

Hannibal nodded towards them. “Or… we could deal with them first.”

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